

Gila Relocation Center

61-2-B

Kiers, Arizona

September 3, 1942

Dear Miss Sell,

How was your vacation? Anything new? Have you regained your lost weight?

This is greetings from Gila! We left Tulare on the 25th at 10:00 A.M. and had a pleasant trip - cool all the way and arrived in Gila at 11:45 A.M. of the 26th. Got off the train and boarded a bus - sped through the wilderness and I really mean wilderness. I got a very empty feeling as we passed through this wide uninhabited desert.

We had heard from reports of the two contingents before us that construction here was still going on nothing was ready. When the first contingent arrived they had no food and water until four thirty in the afternoon and they had arrived at 10: A.M. Both contingents seemed to have gone through a lot. Hearing these reports we, the third group, to leave, put up a protest deciding to wait until all was ready, but no we had to come. All were expected to be in readiness by the time we arrived here, but on arriving we found it negatively so. There was not enough barracks so we had to crowd in, blankets for pipe lines just all over the place, consequently the dirt. We eat and breathe dirt! It's a good thing the season is going into winter for I don't know how I would ever be able to stand a hotter weather than this. The water here is very good, course not as good as the soft sweet water of Tulare. This camp is still at the height of construction, but we all see a bright future ahead and feel more settled. The people all over are gathering scrap wood from the scrap lumber pile and are making furnitures and shelves and are also making caskets and other different kinds of gardens. Everyone are all anxious to work. The men want to put a hand in to help with the construction in order to obtain more speed, but cannot since the work is under contract.

We climbed one of the many buttes surrounding this camp at twilight, and the panorama we witnessed was simply breath-taking. I never realized how beautiful a desert could be, it had a natural beauty all its own. Then - the night sky we cannot help but gaze up at is something of awe which I really cannot describe in words. The stars are larger, plainer and simply glitter at you. Stars we could not see at home is vividly

visible here. The Milky Way is ever so plain and every star in it is visible. Heavens seems oh so close. This night sky is one spectacle one cannot miss in Arizona.

Goodness, there's more extra housework to do here. The dust which is as fine as powder is incessantly falling, therefore we have to wipe and dust off what furniture and articles we have. We can't keep a bed made, otherwise we have to shake the dust off the sheets before jumping into bed. Many times I get sick of living a life like this - camp life!

When we were in Los Angeles that one hour when coming out to Gila, I never, never felt so homesick in my life. I felt like jumping off the train and run home to Long Beach. Many eyes were gazing at the familiar spots of L. A. and naming them, all recognized the L. A. City Tower and stared at it longingly. I was glad that our blinds had to be down when we snatched our again from L. A. to continue the journey, I don't think I would have been able to bear seeing it go by.

My brother is still in Tulare - folding up the corporation yard on the last day and leaving on the 4th of Sept.

Miss Bell, have you kept the Tulare News that we sent you? If you have I wanted you to make it like a book, put it in the manila folder. I have the very last edition of the Tulare News which I will send to you and believe me it's a historical edition. Our beloved doctor Brammie Turutani and his wife left for Texas, so whether we'll get a paper as good as before I don't know. He certainly was a character plus a super personality.

I'm going to try to obtain a mercis aid job if I possibly can for that is the goal I was heading for if I were going on to school. Whether I will get it or not I have to keep my fingers crossed. The hospital here is very large.

In spite of the heat mother and Dad are quite healthy. I never saw Dad so energetic; he's usually weak against heat!

So write when you can - we all anxious to know how you are and about news from home.

Regards from all to all.

Always,

Martha Morroque

From -
Gila Relocation Center
61-2-B
Rivers, Arizona



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